



alter ego



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HAIKU

Purple town, shack town  
On the wrong side of the tracks...  
What's the difference?

Susan Fish

Sounds like a factory  
The condition of the plant  
They're turning out brains  
Debbie Clough

Pink sky and spider  
Webbing on a window pane  
Drowning together  
Mary Sheridan

The rain began to fall  
The scared people outside ran---  
Now where will they go?  
Jane Koldys

The pretty blue stone  
reflected the sun, making  
polka dots on you.

Denise Pervere

Dazed by the rubbish  
Blazes tell it like it is  
Once this was my home.

Kevin Hastings

## Time

Counting  
Counting time...  
Some just mark time  
And as it passes them  
Forget to live it.

Lynn Margozi

## Reprieve

Opening up the bars  
Letting in life  
Feeling life as it really is  
Cold and snappy  
or warm and gentle.  
The mood changes  
surrounded again...  
Why be sad?  
I felt it for a while...

Lorrain Podlenski

?

Where did it go?  
i cannot find it  
if i don't, what's going to happen...  
my mother said  
i should never lose it  
oh, no---  
she's going to be very mad  
it means so very much to her ---  
and it's all she has left...

Jane Koldys

behind my round shoulder  
you stood close  
only for a minute.  
during that precious time  
your rhythmic breathing was heard  
and the fragrance of your being...  
sweet.

i had to let you go  
like a maple leaf  
approaching the end of fall.  
but i'm not a tree  
and you look no more like a leaf  
than i a rock.  
it's going to be a long hard winter.

Barb Piecuch

Forgotten Death

She is dead  
And people shake their heads  
And say "too bad "  
And rattle their newspapers,  
And read the funnies;  
After all, everyone dies...  
She is soon forgotten  
And newspapers burn  
To ashes,  
And so does she...  
She was my friend,  
And now she's dead,  
And people talk,  
And life goes on,  
And no one weeps,  
But me.

Pinnic Sears



security

i woke up this morning and said to myself  
a hero's needed  
so i prayed to god  
to send me a hero  
until i remembered  
i don't believe in god  
(too bad, god would have made the perfect thursday morning hero)  
so i walked through the shops  
and searched for prophetic glances  
(and almost got arrested for picking an artificial daffodil  
in the mall)  
and when i found none  
i went home and reread winnie the pooh

roxann sawin

It snowed today.  
The white flakes melted as they hit the pavement.  
They caught on my eyelashes  
and chilled my cheeks  
as I blinked them away.  
They seemed freer than most things.  
Able to land on noses,  
tangle in hair,  
or bother no one if they pleased.  
People aren't like that..  
They're different...  
They discriminate  
if your hand's black

deni pervere



## THE SPECKLED CHAMELEON

It was a dark and stormy night in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. There was a scream in the old mansion house on Listrum Street, shots rang out and a car sped away.

"However, this has nothing to do with our story, right Harry?"

"That's exactly right Dean ole boy."

"Our story deals with a very weird experience we experienced in Connecticut."

"Yes there was this farmer's daughter who, ooo-eee, and when she---"

"Harry, that is not the experience we were going to tell them about! Our story concerns a foreign prince, a stolen diamond, the mafia, and -- well we'll just start from the beginning and run through it."

\* \* \* \* \*

It all started last summer when Harry and I were thrown off the train at a little town called Clarksville. Our ticket had run out and so had our money. We thought that maybe if we put on a little charm we could persuade some dumb broad that we needed her in our latest stage production.

Naturally, we needed someone with money enough for pictures, publicity, etc., etc.. However, when Harry began his approach on a shapely brunette in the last seat of the car in which we were in, it was quickly brought to our attention that she certainly was not dumb.

Harry, noticing the girl said that he would take care of our problem which only meant that he would add to it. He ambled towards the girl attempting for all he was worth to look like a suave Cary Grant but actually only giving the appearance of a bloated Spiro Agnew.

"Why hello there. Haven't I seen you somewhere before? The stage or was it on the screen; I know! You were in 'The Adventure of the Not So Ordinary Housewife' -- right?"

To which the girl answered rather coldly, "No, I have never acted ... anywhere!"

"You haven't huh? Well what a coincidence. My partner and I just happen to be looking for new faces for the stage. You are interested aren't you?"

"Well I ..."

"Fine! Why don't you just come with me into the next car and we can take care of our business there. Besides, if you work for us, you won't even have to act."

At this point, Harry gave the girl one of his grins which, unfortunately, happens to be the same kind of grin a boy has when he is reading his first issue of Playboy. This was all the girl needed to confirm her suspicions.

"Are you some kind of nut? YOU want ME to go with you into the next car ALONE!"

"You mean you don't want to be in our production?"

"Production!!!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Needless to say, we didn't get any money, but, then it really didn't matter because we were kicked off the train anyway.

In Clarksville we registered into the only hotel and no more that started up the stairs when Harry very gracefully bumped into a strangely attired man carrying a stack of books. Books, papers, and the man fell downstairs into one heap as both of us rushed after him to see if he was all right.

Speaking with a foreign accent, the man immediately lit upon Harry with "You clumsy muskox!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but accidents will happen you know. Here, we'll help you with your books. My name is Harry and this is ...."

"Stop! Do not touch those books!"

"Why we were just going to ..."

"The curse of Camelmouth be upon you!"

May your tum-tum roar

Until you think of nothing more

Than eating all the time.

Everything you eat

Will make you all the  
Hungrier, and nothing but 200,000 tons of meat  
Will satisfy your desire."

At this the stranger walked away and left us standing  
there with our mouths wide open. When we came to our senses  
we asked the hotel clerk just who the man was.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why that was Prince Spinoochi. He's a Slob."

Harry interrupted with, "I don't like the guy either  
but lets not go calling him names."

He went on with, "He's not a slob slob, he's a Slob, a  
person from Slobovia."

"Oh."

\* \* \* \* \*

It wasn't until two hours later that Harry felt the  
first effects of what we believed must have been the curse  
the Prince had cast upon him. Harry started to eat every-  
thing in his reach. All the eating only made him hungrier.  
Then we decided to put him on an all meat diet (as the curse  
had implied).

We didn't have any money so all the food we could get  
was from the hotel on credit. (The clerk was going to be in  
our next production.)

I decided to look up all the restaurants in town to  
see if any of them would serve on credit. When I returned  
Harry was sitting at the dining table carving out a roast  
with three others in front of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where did you get those?!?"

"I stole them."

"You what?!?"

"Dean, I was famished, so, after you left I ran down  
street, broke into a supermarket, and took these. I had the  
cook downstairs prepare them for me. Oh - by the way, the  
cook is going to be in our next production."

"Just what I need. A partner who turns food burglar  
at night."



"Hey Dean?"

"What? And the answer is N-O, I will not be an accomplice to your crimes."

"No, look."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. It was in the roast, looks like a rock. Feels like one too; I almost broke my tooth on it."

"Well if you didn't take so much in your mouth you would have noticed it. Yeah, it does look like a ... you knucklehead! This is a diamond!"

\* \* \* \* \*

After choking down his roast beef, Harry and I decided we had better return the diamond. When we entered the supermarket I selected a prime roast in which to conceal the diamond while Harry went over to the delicatessen counter. All of a sudden the lights went on and we were surrounded by a dozen surly looking characters.

"What you punks up to?" questioned one who appeared to be the leader. "Get over there with your piggy friend."

"Now just a minute."

"Yes," and twelve guns aimed at my head.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing."

"Just what were you going to do with our diamond?"

"Nothing we were just returning it."

"Sure you were, and I invite G-men to tea every Thursday. And you over there filling your face, what are you doing here? Aren't mini-prizes low enough for you?"

"Dean's right. We were just returning the diamond."

"What do you idiots take me for? I ain't dum. Okay boys --- huh? What do you want?"

"Would you please pass the salami?"

"Wise guy! I'll---"

"All right! Everyone stand where you are. This is the police!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything worked out fine. The police let Harry and me off for breaking and entering and put the diamond thieves,

who happened to belong to the local Mafia #194 in the state of Connecticut, in jail. The diamond belonged to Prince Spinoochi's country. He was so elated over its recovery that he took the curse off of Harry and gave us a fat reward. We paid up our bill, told the hotel clerk and cook that our production would take longer than we thought to get under way and that we would call them at a future date, and left Clarksville --- by bus.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was sure a wild time last summer, wasn't it Harry?"

"Right. It was just three weeks later that I met that farmer's daughter in ---"

"Never mind that! I guess we'll stay out of Connecticut and off trains for a while."

"Yeah, that's the last train to Clarksville."

The end (maybe)

Rick LeVitre

Life is like a stoplight,  
You go ahead when it is green,  
You fall when it is red,  
And you try to decide  
Whether to go ahead or not  
When it is yellow.....

Bob Fowler

## On An Outdoor Class

The buzz of voices subsides  
into a velvet hum  
and all I hear are disjointed phrases:  
of populism and progressivism  
shall I skip math next period?  
and--I wonder how many acorns we can find  
before the bell rings...

Nothing is quite as real as it was yesterday  
or will be tomorrow  
for right now the air is taut:  
with soothing sun  
the swish of grass as someone walks by  
full of knowing and excitement--  
it's times like these...

When every dried brown leaf  
is an entity of:  
sound  
smell  
wisdom

It's times like these when I can wonder  
if populism, progressivism, and math  
are really as important  
as finding out just how many acorns  
there are under this tree.

Tricia Crosby

Maze

color patterns rotated  
there is no answer  
but keep trying...  
maybe you'll find a different question.

Roxann Sawin

### Champion of the S.M.

Ever since I was very young,  
I was taught to love an unknown God.  
I studied my C.C.D., and read prayers aloud.  
I went to church each holy day and prayed.  
I tried my best to keep the faith,  
But the newspapers told it all  
Like; flood and famine, war and hate...  
I asked myself, does merciful, God  
Allow all this? That children burn  
and color hates.  
Is God so merciful that he'd allow such things?  
Maybe God belongs to the silent majority.

Nelson Bernard

### The Knights of the Round Table

The characters are ready;  
armed with words more destructive than weapons.

Skilled in diplomacy,  
Capable arbiters one and all.  
Yet, all they have resolved  
Is that the table will be round.

Doug LaPointe

### Dirty Poem

Eve  
believed  
in leaves  
from the trees

And Adam,  
saddened,  
wished she hadn't

Tricia Crosby



### The Web

I climbed the wooden stairs  
The ones that led to my 10 x 10 room  
High up on the fourteenth floor  
I watched the moon flicker then settle  
On the landings of each flight  
Where there was a window divided into four parts  
Cobwebs covered the windows  
And made intricate pitterens on  
The floor beneath which was covered with moonlight  
As I climbed higher and higher  
The pitterens became more intense  
And brighter than before  
They seemed to be coming at me  
Trying to encompass my body  
In their fine delicate waving  
They were whispering snatches of conversations to me  
"Come, become a web. It's really  
Easy. Just come closer to us".  
I came closer to them and  
And whispers of wind and webs  
I drew myself over the sill and  
Looked below to what lay down their fourteen stairs below  
And I saw myself.

### One Fish

### The Joke

in the house of lace curtains  
and velvet chairs  
is one who tempts  
he dresses in red  
and holds a black tray  
on which he serves his guest  
once in the door  
you are bound  
in plush carpets  
and the sweet wine  
it is only when you see the truth  
that the house is a prison  
laughing at his joke.

Mary Kuzontkoski

This is not a Funny Poem

Tricia Crosby

My Mother's tone-deaf

I don't understand that,

She's a great cook

and God knows, neat as a pin about the house,

I'M never in need for clean clothes

my dad has all his buttons,

And the cats are fed

When they're around, that is,

Mopsy hasn't been to dinner in three days

out scouting

For mice dead enough so she won't have to chase and kill them

But having died recently enough

So they're are not too stale.

She washes windows

sweeps the floors (Mother not Mopsy)

And is quite agreeable at the breakfast table

why not?

She must be anticipating

losing us for the day,

She's a homemaker, all right

but Susie just brought home

A very dead Mopsy

(ambushed by some prowling mice, no doubt)

And Mother threw her in the ashcan

( Mopsy not Susie)

So you see

that's why I say my mother's tone-deaf,

For though her house was spotless

And her meal was right

Susie cried herself to sleep tonight.

Berford Humphort  
(With pardons to John Lennon)  
buy Jimi Girard

Berford Humphort (advent American) woke up every morbid and drone his card to work. He did this every mormon of his wife. After about three years he really got sick of warping in the sane old factory; so, he deceived to quiet his frog, which he wanted to do for a long time. This quite resettled his Mummy and Draggy forbe they walliced him to bee a million hare.

Berford have been shaving his Mummy for sum years now, and had a few hundred dollars in his wall-eye; so he defected to take a plane to see the city. So early the next moron, Berford padded his bagsand said good-bark to his dog John, whom he loathed merry crutch. Saying good-bye to his Moth and Dad he lapped them with a tier in his "aye". (There's no way, Mr. Toobart), for this is the first time he ever loafed from home alone.

When he reached the city he found a sign that sagged "Roofs for Rent". So he boarded up and their he slept till morphine, when he woke to the sound of hords beefing from cows and trucks beneath his windowpain. Then he ripped a sweater to his Nun because he missed hair, then saved and brushed his feet.

Berford frowned out he lugged the city so there he grayed.

if i were to eat tossed salad a while  
with one arm about your waist  
and after an hour pour you some milk  
with a smile upon my face  
then in a flash halfway through your cuisine  
i made you give it all back.

would you still love me?

Dave Simanski

## A Place

It was a place he took me  
The house had burnt down  
But the stone fireplace still stood,  
Strong and proud  
It would make a beautiful home  
But it was already owned  
Today we heard about the park  
Being put in there  
They'll tear the fireplace down  
You know. . .  
A tear drops  
It was perfect  
Standing there together  
I knew it was our place  
But' they'll tear the fireplace down  
You'll see.

Mary  
Kuzontkoski

## The Question

swirling about  
in the height of spring  
with air from the south  
lifting one's spirits  
over the highest cloud.

here we sit  
in and away from spring  
no windows to see from

the snow is going  
green is coming back  
trees are looking alive

so why are we in here?  
to learn???

Rick  
LeVitre



To ask why  
With innocent intent  
Searching always for knowledge  
Pondering, punishing oneself  
Always with a question  
One to which the answer  
Plays a game with your mind  
And never lets you win.

Pamela Welch

escape  
from the bitter facts of death  
the ants  
the scorpions  
to sleep a minute. . a century  
the sleep of the apples  
the sleep of a child

Debbie Clough

rest your eyes the doctor said  
and now i'm afraid of going blind  
(silly, isn't it?)  
not afraid of the going really  
more the being blind  
(like hamlet not minding the dying, but the being dead)  
i suppose i could be noble and  
slightly martyrish and say  
"at least i've had sixteen years more of sight than  
helen keller had" but  
at the moment  
i'm scared that i might never see a bowl of cherries  
again  
or appreciate the hobnail white of my bedspread  
and the six o'clock morning skt.

rozann sawin

## A Fool's Door

The setting is a small dimly lit room with one big armchair and a small round table with a lamp on it. A girl is sitting in the chair, her feet tucked under her. She is staring vacantly at the opposite wall. A voice talks to her seemingly from nowhere.

Voice: Do something.

Girl: What?

Voice: Anything. You won't get anywhere just sitting there. Do something.

Girl: (pause) I don't want to.

Voice: (angry) You hate being here, but you just sit there. If you want to be something, you have to do something.

Girl: I'm trapped.

Voice: You trapped yourself.

Girl: (shouting) I didn't mean to! I didn't want to get trapped! (in a more subdued tone) I don't know how to get out.

Voice: Well, how'd you get in?

Girl: I walked in, through that door. (points to opposite wall, but no door is visible) I can't find it though.

Voice: Maybe there's another door. Have you looked?

Girl: (hopefully) Where?

Voice: Well, look! I can't do anything for you.

Girl: (getting up from chair) I feel like reaching out and just tearing down these walls. Oh, God, I hate this. (walks slowly around the room) I can't see anything, except these walls!

Voice: I can't help you. You have to do it yourself.

Girl: (almost crying) Why?

Voice: (angry) Because you walked in by yourself, and you knew this would happen when you were walking through the door.

Girl: (shouting) I didn't. (subdued) I did not.

Voice: You did. You knew just what would happen.

Girl: (sinking back into chair) You're right. I knew.  
Voice: Well, why didn't you turn back then?  
Girl: Because I was trying to get away.  
Voice: Away from what?  
Girl: (singing loudly) Guess. I thought that I might find someone in here.  
Voice: Did you?  
Girl: You can see that I didn't. What's the matter with you? (without waiting for an answer) There's no one here. At first there was, but they're gone now.  
Voice: Where'd they go?  
Girl: I don't know. Sometimes I think they weren't even here at all. It's like I tried to reach out and touch them, and they weren't even there. But I saw them.  
Voice: Maybe they didn't want you to reach out and touch them.  
Girl: Why not?  
Voice: Because they wouldn't feel safe if you did.  
Girl: (after thinking a minute) I hate these walls.  
Voice: Find the door.  
Girl: I can't! You saw - I can't find it.  
Voice: Look for it. Get up and look for it.  
Girl: (shouting) I can't find it! (pause) Leave me alone.  
Voice: No.  
Girl: (shouting) Leave me alone.  
Voice: I can't you know that.  
Girl: (practically screaming) Will you leave me alone!  
(jumps up from chair and runs over to wall) I hate these walls. I hate being trapped.  
Voice: Find the door.  
Girl: (Screaming) I can't! I can't! (pleading) Why don't you help me?  
Voice: You know I can't.  
Girl: Why?!  
Voice: (shouting) Look for it! Look for it!  
Girl: No! I can't find it! (bewildered) I can't find it.  
Voice: (shouting) I see it! Why can't you? You fool. I see



it! Look for it!

Girl: No! No! (in a defeated whisper) I can't find it.

Voice: You fool! You little fool.

Nancy Jacob

### Indifference

Today a little girl  
was crossing the road  
and a car came.  
It didn't stop,  
but the girl did.  
She stopped flat  
and became one  
with the pavement.  
All the people  
ran to help,  
But it was too late  
and the car was  
probably in another state.  
Then Mr. Murphy walked  
by and Betty Big Mouth  
told him the whole story,  
and Mr. Murphy looked at  
Betty Big Mouth and said  
"so what"  
He walked away.

h.e.z.

Sadness is...  
when you're the only clown  
in the last circus.

Rick Corliss

## The Tenement

At night  
The shadows in the alley  
Lay over all the trash cans  
And engulf the rusty bikes.  
The flies and roaches  
Are all asleep  
But the maggots  
Still squirm  
And devour the garbage  
On the street.  
At daybreak  
The shadows grow lighter  
And the bikes begin  
To move.  
The flies and roaches  
Start to wander  
And rob the maggots  
Of their prey.  
The skinny line  
Of clothesline rope  
Begins to fill  
With tattered sheets  
And swell with  
Wind-blown dirt.

Kathi Waryas

W. Samoy







## The Gift

Sandy began walking up the steep hill leading from the small county town where she lived. She felt the hot cement against her bare feet but was too preoccupied to think of the weather.

Reaching the top of the hill she stopped for a minute to catch her breath. Looking back down she saw the rows of identical houses. She picked out hers--the fourth, she thought, the one with the red door. Glancing down the street she caught sight of Paul West and the gang outside the drug store.

Why couldn't I be one of them, one of the gang, she imagined. Then she recalled her study period the day when Paul asked for her math paper to copy and she anxiously handed it to him. But it was a once in a lifetime chance, Sandy realized, for him to even recognize her. Maybe not for those other kids, but at least for her. And he did ask me, didn't he?

But she knew her dreams to be "in" with Paul or the gang were just that--dreams.

It's not fair, she argued, just 'cause I live in this, this--slum! I'll be doomed for the rest of my life.

Suddenly remembering her errand she quickly checked the pocket of her faded jeans.

Still there, she said to herself. Five bucks. And what an eternity it took to save it!

Anxiously she continued down the cracked sidewalks past the crumbled concrete steps of an empty tenement house and turned the corner.

Approaching her destination she read the sign over the quaint little knick-knack shop "Gifts". Before entering she scanned the shelves of the shop window until her gaze met a crystal vase. She imagined how pleased her mother would be when she would hand it to her.

Ordinarily her mother's birthday went by like any other

day but this year was different. Sandy knew that it was a about time she realized how rough her mother had it bringing up four kids alone.

Maybe it's kind of corny, she thought, but I suppose mothers go for something like this once in a while.

Sandy entered, asked for the expensive trinket which she admired in the window and handed the clerk the five dollars. After the purchase she left the store to return home.

As she turned the corner she saw Paul coming in her direction.

Should I speak to him, she wondered.

"Hey Sandy", Paul called.

Me? she thought. "Oh, hi Paul."

"Sandy, how about going to the dance Saturday night night with me?"

"Sure", she smiled.

"Good, pick ya up 'round 7:30."

"C.K."

She hardly believed her ears. This was a miracle. But suddenly she thought---the dance---everyone will be there---the gang. What will I do or say?

A thought flashed through her mind---what will I wear? It's my only chance to make a good impression---but how? I haven't any money.

Sandy remembered the vase.

It's my only chance. Mom won't know, she never expects anything anyway.

She turned and started to run, the bag ripped and fell to the ground.

Sandy just stood there completely still and stared at the broken mass.

Ann Powers

## A Stuffed Elephant

I looked in the door  
a small girl  
asleep in the huge bed  
morning sunlight had entered the room  
Kathy "Wake-up"  
"we are going to visit the zoo today"

I went into the kitchen  
set the table with my best china  
it was only ten more days  
I couldn't let her know  
Tomorrow, I would take Kathy to the circus

At the zoo  
Kathy questioned everything  
"do elephants die"  
"why can't animals talk"  
"how come the animals are caged?"

The next day  
we went to the circus  
I bought Kathy a stuffed elephant  
one like we saw at the zoo  
and it looked so real

"I am going to put the elephant on my bed,"  
Kathy smiled  
I am going to call him, "Mr. Love"  
"Oh! lets go see the clowns they're funny"  
I took her hand and we saw two side shows  
then returned home

(CONTINUED)



The next three days  
Kathy stayed in bed  
Lifeless  
and so tiny  
I thought .....  
but no it wasn't to come that soon

Then she seemed better  
and we went to the movies  
laughing at the light comedy.  
Kathy said, "maybe I'll be an actress someday  
and make people laugh  
and then wear a gown  
like that star did"  
I smiled  
the gown was beautiful

The next day  
Kathy again slipped to weakness  
and for another two days  
I thought it was only a matter of time

Then by some miracle  
she regained life  
I bought her a light pink gown  
and that night  
I invited her friends for a party  
she looked pretty but frail in her pink gown

and we read  
about  
sandcastles  
shells and,  
barefooted children on the beach  
"I would like to go to the beach"  
Kathy said, summer's not far away  
"of course Kathy" and I'll help  
you look for sea shells."

(CONTINUED)

The eleventh day came,  
Kathy shut her storybook  
and night came  
I wept  
and the elephant looking at me  
from the side of the bed  
he seemed so real  
I wondered would he ever die?

Mary Kuzontkoski

### Circus

In this world of ours,  
One thing stands out in my mind,  
And that thought is;  
That there are too many clowns running around,  
And not enough circus's for them to join.

Bob Fowler

### Death

It came in as blank atmosphere,  
And stayed with utmost tranquility.  
It is said it comes in basic black  
But it comes shattered in brilliant colors.  
Its arrival is inevitable and unpredictable  
It's been promised us from birth.

Ron LaRoche

## Come to the river

come to the river with me  
we can watch the sun go down  
and marvel at the mountains  
turned orange by dusk.  
we'll watch the trees turn black  
as night descends.  
we'll listen to the sounds of the forest  
and translate the language of the crickets.  
together, we'll stumble over the rocks of the cove  
searching for the path back.  
we'll feel the soft pine needles under our bare feet,  
or scratch our legs on the wild rose bushes.  
we can pick lady slippers-  
if we can find them in the dark.  
or gather pine cones  
for next years christmas wreath.  
there's a spring just up the road.  
remember?  
we can let the cool water flow over our cupped hands,  
splash one another,  
or dangle our feet under the rusty pipe.  
oh, please come with me again --  
i love you.

deni pervere

Trying to discover the world around me  
posing in the sun  
gazing on the horizon  
"What does it hold?"

The wind blows briskly through my hair  
the water feels cool on my face  
looking into a rustic mirror  
"Is this really me?"  
I'll leave and think a bit. . .  
"Where can I go?"

Lynn  
Johnson







## Hamburg

Setting: A hallway of an apartment house. A passerby hears screams from one apartment and decides to look into the situation.

Characters:

Harold Johnson: man inside

Passerby: psychology major

\* \* \*

Harold: Help!

Passerby: What?

H: Help!

P: What's wrong?

H: I'm drowning!

P: Where?

H: In the bathtub.

P: In the bathtub?

H: Yes, yes, come in here! I'll drown if you don't!

P: Why is it that you came to this dreadful situation?

H: I tried to kill myself.

P: How morbid. I detest morbid situations.

H: Please, sir, please help me.

P: Wait a moment. Before I become totally involved I would like to know what bearing made you attempt to destroy your life!

H: Emily!

P: Emily who?

H: Emily Waterford!

P: Emily Waterford--and who is she?

H: A girl.

P: I didn't think she was your dog.

H: I fail to see the purpose of this inquisition!

P: I am a psychology major and you, sir, are my first problem case. About Emily-

H: She's a vegetarian. She lives on peanut butter and banana sandwiches?

P: Revolting. Totally revolting! Now, let me write this down. Emily Waterford's the name isn't it?

H: Yes.

P: And she eats peanut butter and banana sandwiches?  
H: Yes.  
P: And your name is?  
H: Harold Jognson.  
P: That's a very business-like name. I'll wager you sell insurance or real estate.  
H: I'm not an insurance man and I don't sell real estate!  
P: Back to Emily. What sort of person is she?  
H: She's very nice. She works in the toy department of Orbarch's. We were planning to get married.  
P: Oh, really? When?  
H: June fourth.  
P: June fourth? My birthday is June fifth! I'm a Gemini. What are you?  
H: Capricorn.  
P: And what is Emily?  
H: Pisces.  
P: That's terrible!  
H: Why?  
P: Capricorn and Pisces don't get along at all. They're opposites!  
H: Yes-I know.  
P: Then why did you ask me?  
H: Ask you what?  
P: Why it is terrible that you are a Gemini and Emily is a Pisces?  
H: NO, I meant I knew we don't get along.  
P: Then why do you want to get married?  
H: Because I love her.  
P: Why do you love her if you don't get along?  
H: I am drowning. The water's up to my neck! I shall be dead in a matter of minutes!  
P: Alright, alright! Impatience is the plague of mankind. First I must clearly understand your relationship with Emily. Is she tall?  
H: Yes.  
P: Are you short?



H: No. What does that have to do with it?  
I: Well some men feel inferior to women who are taller  
than they are.  
H: Oh! Emily's not taller than me.  
P: Fine- now we're getting somewhere.  
H: What do you have so far?  
P: You- Mr. Johnson- are in love with Emily Waterford,  
who is a Pisces and works in the toy department  
Orbach's and is a vegetarian. By the way, I forgot  
to ask your occupation.  
H: I'M A BUTCHER!

Mary Ellen Sheridan  
Ann Powers

#### Seven

they tell me only crazy people talk,  
to clouds that is,  
funny, some of my favorite conversations have been  
with them.  
they listen and absorb and they don't reproach  
sometimes they thunder and crackle with angry lightning  
but that's not very often  
and i prefer the honesty of a thunderstorm  
to the vagueness of man's logic.

tangibility is nothing and yet everything  
to a cloud's  
cushion crimson comfort  
and there is no confessional i know  
more intimately than the soft silent rain.

roxann sawin

Bend close to this shell,  
And hear again the crashing waves;  
The cry of the gulls.

Jaurie Devino

### Warm Hand

Echoes resound in the chambers of my mind  
Agitating lost dreams of what might have been  
Then tears well, and that absurd human emotion  
causes wet cheeks and puffy eyes  
to hide in my heart's cell, but soon they  
will seep through the bars and smear  
a white handkerchief with my sorrow  
I hate to admit defeat, but my trembling  
breaks the dike and there is no little  
dutchman near to lend a warm hand.

Anna Garbiel

I'd like to be  
Richard Nixon---  
but just for a day  
because I think  
that's long enough  
for anyone  
to play  
with the world.

Helen Zukowski

### Happiness

Happiness is walking in the rain  
While you're crying, so nobody will know  
Why your eyes are really blurred...  
Happiness is running down a hillside  
While the sun is setting, so you can  
Catch wisps of your hair, glistening from the reddening run.  
Happiness is trying to express yourself  
While everyone else tries to smother you with their happiness.

Anna Garbiel

## Reality

We were playing war in the jungle of bushes in our backyard. The bare branches of the trees and bushes were concealed behind their blossoming green leaves. We were divided into two groups, the Viet Cong Guerillas and the American Green Berets. Rat-tat-tat I got you. My brother, the Viet Cong, fell from the first branch of a tree in full bloom, playing dead. As I was checking the corpse, our squad was ambushed. Jerry, Jan, and Gary were the first unsuspecting victims. I watched terrifyingly from behind the dead sniper, as my toy M-16 rifle became jammed. A plastic grenade landed among the trapped victims, signifying death for the others. I frantically tried to unjam the gun, but the enemy shot me down before I could defend myself.

.....

Full count, the umpire roared out, as I stepped back into the batters box. Joe was on third, with two outs in the bottom of the sixth. A tie ball game. The pitcher wound up, and hurled the ball over the plate. I swung the bat "crack" the ball flew past the outstretched arms of the shortstop, for the winning hit. My teammates and coaches were jumping with glee, for this hit brought us the Little League Championship.

.....

Chris was beautiful tonight, her long shiny golden hair was flowing over her matching yellow gown. We nervously followed behind Bob and Kath in the procession to the receiving line. After dancing the first dance, the jitters left my wobbly legs. Chris's beauty was not only evident to me, but also to the judges, who selected my girl to reign as queen of the night. Every dance after that made me feel as if I were dancing with a Hollywood actress or Miss Universe. I could not help but think this would be the last time that I would see Chris before I went into the service.

.....

Suddenly a shot rang out, wounding the soldier in front

of me, awakening me from my daydream. I quickly fired at the Viet Cong sniper, killed him, and watched him fall from a newly blossomed tree. The spurting blood smeared the Green Beret uniform. While I was checking the sniper's corpse our squad was ambushed. My M-16 rifle jammed-----

John Girard

### The Pusher

The little man stopped me on the corner of the street.  
He was short and fat and wore sandals on his feet.  
He carried in his pocket a little sack of weed.  
That would flower my brain from one little seed.  
We danced till dawn singing songs of woe  
Neither of us knew how long we could go.  
Then came a crash from the back of my head  
And I hung him with sheets that had lain on his bed.

Mary Guilbault



## Your Halo Is Melting

Standing there, on the corner of something or other streets,  
before a flashing "don't walk" sign  
that changed its mind  
and we proceeded into a traffic jam  
and you proceeded to ply my palms with four numby fingertips.  
My legs stilts- led by your constant prodding.  
My eyes clouded over by a million rushing dust particles.  
And I wanted to tell you a secret, (about the dust, that's  
all),  
but it could only be done with my K L H stereo tape deck  
complete with earphones and an instructional pamphlet.  
So, Times Square has run out of Time.

It's by your command I keep walking and stop talking.  
I think.  
I sink in unthoughtful thoughts.  
So, that's why you're so clean.

My mind wanders, flounders, over a million dawnings of a  
million truths I have just found in your briefcase, in  
your mouthwash  
over a million presumptions and  
assumptions of your parts  
on my part.

Before the checkered taxi comes to drive you away, I just  
want to say - nothing.  
Those yellow roses will remind you that vacations are only  
temporary.  
Bon Voyage!  
I've missed you.

Nancy Jamrog

Shackled together like prisoners we sit  
Wondering why  
Holding hope  
That it will soon end.

Which thread is it that holds us?

The black thread that binds us

The white thread that binds us

It makes no difference how long we wait

It's over now...the end has come

Pull the white thread off

The black is left

Pull the black thread off

The white still holds.

How easily the problem is solved

When the black and the white

are unwound...

Together!

Ron Knox

Watching the movie

I began to dream

Of faraway places and tomorrow's disappointment

The people I see

Aren't really present

Each in his own world

watching, thinking, dreaming

Until the movie is cut short

And 300 little kids come running in

And the rest of us

Walk out

to find our own world

Helen Zukowski

## There are Heroes in the Seaweed

As I mounted the second flight of stairs in the stifling, dusty building. I couldn't believe that I was subjecting myself to a long, hot afternoon of sweating rehearsals. The bus ride had been long and trying. Oh but the music will revive my spirits, I thought convincingly. When I checked in at the desk on the third floor I could hear the girls gathered in the halls complaining of the stuffy rehearsal halls, their costumes and the long rehearsal hours.

After I had changed and carefully tied my hair back, I surrendered myself to Madame Fatiana who sent me to the barre to exercise before attempting my variation. Madame was Russian and seemed to cling to her mother tongue. She spoke a dialect I couldn't understand and her instructions confounded me. Inevitably, we would need an older student to interpret. (This always abashed me for to have secured a variation in a ballet one was supposedly an apt pupil).

I was right about the music. Though the sweat came and the smell, Chopin made it beautiful.

You have to be slightly egocentric to be a dancer. You marvel at the performance of your body revealed in the mirrors even when you do not have an audience you imagine a million eyes moving with you and the music lives for you and in you.

The practice went fairly well. I was moving through the ensembles more smoothly now but Madame complained-"You are no one nothing. Just a moving object. You are not living your part."

"Live the part, live the part", I muttered as I walked to the bench where I sat exhausted. A ribbon on my slipper was loose. I reached in my case for a needle and thread and commenced to reinforce it.

Madame was in the doorway speaking Russian to some girl. At her signal the piano player commenced to play a beautiful ballad. The girl in black and pink approached the barre and after several exercises took her place in the center of the floor. It was Penny. I knew her from several of



my advanced classes. By the music, I knew she was to have the lead role of Coppelius in the ballet.

I put my sewing aside and attended to her performance. She made a classic figure out of finely chiseled stone and the solemn music breathed life into the stillness of her statue. The contrast of the humble temperance one read in her face and the majestic movements of her body commanded one's wonder at the beauty she revealed and yet seemed to conceal. As the music swelled to a climax and tapered to a whining, unconscious tears welled in my eyes.

My complete absorption was interrupted by Madame whose eyes I felt peering into my arms and left for the dressing room.

Before catching the next bus home I had showered and changed, but all actions were merely habitual and as I sat in the bus awaiting our departure I felt my inability to recount the specific details of the previous half-hour extremely aggravating and somewhat perplexing.

Now I was growing impatient. I looked in the driver's rear-view mirror (on which his eyes were fixed) and mouthed a silent curse. He turned slowly and stared contemptuously at me. I returned an equally contemptuous glare until my attention was diverted by a tall, slender figure ascending the steps of the bus.

Penny walked towards me and smiled warmly. I returned the smile, though perhaps one not so congenial. This I was accustomed to doing whenever I was uncertain of my relationship to another. I diverted my attention to a book on the seat near me, which I picked up and began reading, so as to defer and conversation should she attempt to induce one.

Now the bus pulled into the street to begin its route and my journey home. After riding through the main section of the city, we detoured through the West side. The scenery of tenements and children playing in the streets made me sicken in my seat. I remembered a detour similar to



this on a bus ride through New York City to the United Nations building. Beyond Tiffany's and Macy's there were Puerto Rican children clamoring on ice trucks in narrow, shady streets, roughly clad boys gathered on street corners, and policemen carrying clubs.

I looked at Penny. She was not looking out the window but seemed to be completely absorbed in a magazine. After studying my feet for a while, I heard the magazine close and watched her stalk up the aisle, magazine and case in hand. The bus pulled over and stopped. Peering through the window I could see her cross the sidewalk and enter a shabby building of several stories with an iron fire escape. "Penny," I whispered through the window. "Penny?" and gazed through the rear window the rest of the bus ride.

Nancy Janrog

#### Destruction of an Image

The sun played tag with the branches on the trees.  
The wind moved the grass as it moves a sailboat.  
The sky was pale blue with a flicker of clouds,  
and my kite soared up to reach them.  
The sun made your hair shine like Mother's silken sheets.  
The wind played "catch me" through the bells on your pants.  
The sky's pale blue was annoyed with the color of your eyes.  
and claimed my kite for itself.  
Today the sun is hiding,  
The wind has disappeared.  
The sky has lost its color,  
My Mother burned her sheets.

Mary Guilbault

I was never  
all alone  
I always had  
someone---  
So I was happy  
until  
one day  
I came home  
and picked up  
the newspaper  
And everyone  
who had ever  
meant anything  
to me  
    had  
        died  
in a car accident  
and I screamed  
and screamed  
But I was still alone  
So I sat and cried  
until I was found  
by e.e. cummings  
And we walked away  
mr. cummings and me.

h.e.z.

I'm writing a letter  
a message, documenting  
my existence.  
I am writing a smile,  
a laugh, remembering.  
I am writing a cry,  
a tear, realizing  
I'm writing on the wind.

Mary Sheridan

## Give A Damn

We arrived Thursday night for the conference and were assigned rooms upon our arrival. With our customary luck, Rachel and I were assigned the third floor, so up we trudged with our suitcases; by the time we reached the second landing I began to wonder what I had packed in my suitcase. Maybe my little brother really had substituted rocks for my wardrobe as he had threatened when I told Mom about him and the firecrackers. Anyway, that doesn't have much to do with my story except that it may help you imagine the mood I was enveloped in when I was finally granted the pleasure of falling upon that dorm bed, hard as it was. (I pity the bird that the feathers for that mattress came from, I can assure you.) Anyway, I was in no mood to put up with Jerry's devoted yet clumsy stares and wistful remarks. I was too dragged out myself to be able to buoy him up too. And so I informed him when he buzzed the room from the lobby desk. This was one night when he was just going to have to rely on his own personality (though I was beginning to wonder if he had one, more than a reflection of my moods, I mean). What I mean is it really drags you down to have someone just sit around and watch you live instead of living with you.

At any rate, when Rachel and Sue announced that they were going to visit the Varsiy Spa, I merely buried my head in the pillow and urged them to go right ahead. After I had caught up on the last hour's sleep (which took about an hour) I became curious about the lives of the previous inhabitants of the room. Lying on the bed I was confronted by a gray and white melange of posters, one with a poignant touch of pathos--an obviously pregnant girl scout with the slogan "be prepared". Funny-sad. What they don't teach you in brownies, I thought. Pictures of one face dominated the walls--sketches, polaroids, and enlarged photos of one evidently named 'Stocky' as I gathered from the psychodically shaped letters garnishing her bulletin board, Tina was her name, I gathered from a sorority pledge envelope (short for Battina, I surmised from



her sociology notebook). I guess you'll think I'm horribly prying, but be that as it may, I happen to think that if I'm going to sleep in the bed that somebody once slept in and use their travel iron and popcorn popper, the least that I can do is develop a feeling about them. Whether you agree or not is irrelevant at this point.

Another poster showed a naked man and woman erotically entwined. Very French-looking, I decided. Also very beautiful. I felt very worldly. Very uninhibited. It was fun.

A small white card at the base of a portrait of Stocky caught my eye. It was formal-looking, sort of like those appointment cards you get at the dentist telling you to come in six months or something. I debated whether it was interesting enough to merit my getting up from my resting to read it, finally deciding to let it wait, satisfied to lie on my back and scrutinize the smiling puss of Stocky grinning at me from the ceiling. Boy she must have really flipped for this guy, I thought. I mean, I've had some pretty wild crushes in my day, but I have yet to pin someone (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) over my bed to watch me like some guardian angel (or the big boss himself). Hey, come to think of it, maybe it's not such a bad idea after all. Anyway, after after I had taken about as long as I could his gaze ( I mean it's kind of spooky to feel somebody grinning lewdly at you when you don't even know his last name). I concluded that he was definitely very sexy even though he had a bad case of acne, and his smile was really something. I'm not sure I would have liked him, he looked like one of those kind who pictures himself on a yacht with a case of beer and a girl in a toothpaste commercial, and makes sure that everyone around him realizes that he is destined for bigger and better things. Nevertheless, I could understand her feelings a little. Like I say, it began to bother me that he was loering at me with those gleaming dark eyes when I had only my green polka dot springtime celebration mini baby dolls on, so I got up and crossed the room to throw on my robe, resenting all



the time his intrusion on my feelings of self-pity. Stuck for three days with Jerry, I thought. God, am I going to make it? Hating myself all the time, for he really is such a good and noble soul (maybe that's just the problem, now that I think about it).

I was now close enough to read the fine print on that appointment card. It was an appointment all right, but hardly for the repair of a cavity. Boy, I thought grudgingly, maybe Mom has a point with all those warnings about college next year. These characters can really play the part, but I couldn't really help laughing. The card was a masterpiece of suggestivity. Stocky wasn't as dumb as I had tended to believe.

### I AM A SILENT MAN

Any chance of getting you in the sack tonight?

I am not as good as I once was, but once I am  
as good as I ever was.

If not, please return this card, as they are  
expensive.

If so, you don't have to say yes, just snile.

I grinned in spite of myself, then cast a stormy glance at Stocky, as I noted that Tina hadn't returned the card. The nerve of him, I thought, and then laughed at myself for being so involved. Gosh, I was getting as bad as those friends of my mother's who labelled every protest movement a Communist plot. It was probably just a joke, and she kept it as a souvenir.

But enough of Tina and Stocky, I thought. Besides, I just couldn't help feeling like an in-between aged kid, curious, yet ashamed to be seen in the lingerie department of a store.

I moved to the other side of the room, wondering what kind of a roommate Tina had. I soon discovered that her name was Jill and that she was from Vermont. The whole-some type, I thought. At least I hoped so. That stupid Stocky was really starting to give me the jitters and I

wanted desperately to find some vestige of backward America left on campus. A bright peacock blue letter paper folded and tucked half under the blotter arrested my attention. Feeling guilty (I mean, looking at something on the wall was one thing, but reading a letter was another) I couldn't resist the urge to pull it out.

Dear Jill,

god, am i stupid. I tried the contact suggested. I called from Oak Grove phone booth and it wasn't really all that embarrassing, but he said I'd have to contact this number and make an appt. Would you call for me and make an appt. before Weds? That way I can get the test results before the weekend. He said the sooner the better. I feel so rotten. How can I face my parents this weekend? please don't cop out on me like anne did, please I need a friend. i keep waiting for it to hurt or something, jill but it doesn't. I don't feel any different, physically that is. Emotionally i guess I'm wiped, really, I just never thought it could happen.

love,

stupid ole tina

p.s. borrow anything you want for vacation, jill. My new bell bottoms are in the closet. Please don't abandon me....i'm confused...scared...god you can't imagine.....

The writing in a thick black scrawl trailed off the page here and I just sat there kind of dumbfounded. I sensed something damp on the side of my nose but inside I didn't really feel like crying. I was kind of mad I guess. Mad at Stocky for leading her on. Mad at Tina for letting it happen. After all in this day and age there isn't any reason for her to go and get pregnant, is there? Mad most of all though at her for wanting to get rid of the kid. Words can't express the contempt I felt. I mean, if she loved enough to make that kind of commitment she really had ought to go through with it. After a while, though, I began to think. Maybe, he didn't want it. What would I do? After all, she did say that she was scared and confused. I knew somehow that she'd

think it over and go through with it.

Just then the room buzzer buzzed. I pushed the button marked 'talk' and answered hello fully expecting Jerry's humble, coaxing tones. Instead a deep throaty voice responded. "Tina, baby?" Instinctively I knew who it was. My first impulse was to let loose with my opinion, but my civilized impulses manifested themselves quickly and instead I started to say that I wasn't Tina, then I thought, as what have I got to lose, and I really did want to see what he was like in person. I covered the mouthpiece so my voice would be muffled and said mmm I'll be right down. He whistled as I sauntered into the lounge which was deserted except for us. "I knew Tina was on vacation, baby, he murmured, advancing toward me, but I didn't think her replacement would be like this. They said you were just high school kids."

I stared at him, speechless, shocked, My knees began to do the jello act and I grabbed the pseudomodern lamp that towered over me for support.

"What's the matter, baby?" he growled in what was obviously supposed to be a seductive manner, and reaching into his vest pocket he pulled out a small, white card, formal-looking, sort of like those appointment cards you get at the dentist's, and thrust it at me, at the same time giving me one of those riveting, soul-grooving, searching looks.

I'm not sure what I did. I know I wanted to curse him, but couldn't find an epithet drastic enough. I know I wanted to hit him but couldn't find the strength to hurt him enough. I hope the hatred in my eyes said enough. I know that the girl at the desk was convinced of my insanity when I stormed through the lobby, only to return seven minutes later with my suitcase, announcing that I positively could not sleep in that room.

I refrain from a song I'd read once haunted me as I went through the motions of unpacking in the next room.



I'm not sure exactly why I did it, or what I thought to accomplish but I printed the words on a piece of notebook paper I found and tacked it on Tina's door.

"I know no answers to help you  
on your way. the answers lie  
somewhere at the bottom of the  
day."

Roxann Sawin

### A Bridge

I thought I knew her  
but a person changes,  
you know  
I remember  
I used to say, "not me"  
"I would never do that"  
but now I find that  
bridge not so hard to cross  
a person changes,  
you know  
now I find myself  
running after the ones I used to scorn  
screaming, "wait"  
"you were right  
I want to be with you  
I don't want life to pass me by."

Mary Kuzontkoski



### Dust

As I glance at the dusted blackboard  
And peer through the scratches.  
Placed there by clutched hands, only a  
dream ago,  
My thought traces misty footprints  
that walked the travel-worn floors  
With a care-free spirit, seeking knowledge  
behind closed doors and stationary desks.  
Then my heart throbs and my ears are  
muffled by the clamor of others present,  
who never really left, but  
retained manikam-like positions.  
But, beyond this mirage of lifeless existence,  
A grin is transposed on my complexion  
And I see things I didn't understand before,  
The sun preserved the animated reflections  
on the wall and sometimes, by chance,  
They swirl in a never ending dance  
of fun and frolic for those who  
are young; and as quickly as they came,  
They dash back into the cracks of the blackboard.  
But my eyes can only catch the wisps of  
their retreat, left by the dusty chalk,  
lifeless on the floor.

Anna Garbriel

### Cold Feet

Burnt ashes lie in the gutter,  
A child entrenched by hidden guilt,  
Worn shoes in the open road,  
Someone tonight has cold feet.

Bob Fowler

Fostering roads of thought  
miles unfold miles  
and time detours towns  
of unwanted flesh  
while a heart grabs for the meaning  
of america.

Dave Siman ki

Learn to trust the sunset.  
But if the dark comes too soon,  
suspect the devil.

Laurie Devino

They say  
I'm free to chose a way -  
As long as it's our way...  
They s y  
Have fun -  
But don't break the rules...  
They say  
Be yourself, be unique -  
Be like us!

Ann Powers

Little children sitting  
on the floor playing  
with their toys...

No harm can come to those  
innocent beings for  
today is Sunday...

Jeannie LaRoche

## Daisy

Happiness!

What does it mean?

To some--- a dream come true,

I saw a flower--- a daisy it was---

Growing, fighting to survive,

I cared for it,

Watered it, longed to pick it, but I didn't,

It's beauty hid reality from my eye---

it was my friend...

But then one day I saw children playing near my flower,

I tried to run them off; yet they stayed,

One grabbed my flower by it's delicate neck,

He tore it from it's womb!

I ran and ran,

to find myself by the brook,

I cried for what had been taken from me,

I saw it---

a field of yellow daisies.

Jackie Corliss

## Camera

I see the world as pieces of uniqueness,

If one stands at different angles

He gets a different perspective---

I look at the world and snap...

It's beauty,

My awareness,

It's laughter,

And it's tears...

People ask to look at my world,

But can't they see it themselves?

Barb Dion

We would ride the horses to the piped music  
And a little man in a corduroy coat  
Would smile beneath the mustache  
And the world revolved around us  
For we were the kind Cossacks in sandy sneakers  
All the clouds had fallen in the ocean  
And were rolling up on the beach.

The organ plays no music now  
The corduroy man has met some distant shores  
A round stable sits in stillness  
On skeliton poles  
And I stand listening to a shell  
In vain  
For someone has cut the wires  
And all the horses have run away.

Mary Sheridan

Miss Jones

Horn rimmed glasses  
And long hemmed dresses  
Home to mother by ten  
Kissed only once but never again...

"My! Miss Jones, without your glasses  
You are actually...ugly!"

Doug LaPointe

Immortality

Dream- like fantasies tangled with the horrid truth-  
green apples and cemeteries  
I sleep the dream of a child riding upon the high seas  
Cover me for they will be attacking soon...  
I must try to live for ever.

Pam Noga



## Death and the Rich Uncle or How Much Are You Worth

Setting: A dark and gloomy mansion ensrouded by trees.

Characters: Aunt Gretchen, Aunt Alma, David, Uncle Ben, Ramona, Jasper, Marie, Jaques Le Pin, Lawyer, and Finally the Doctor.

Doctor: As you all know, Mr. Le Pin is very ill and as his closest friends and relatives, he felt that your understanding natures would be a comfort to him in his remaining days. I must warn you however that the slightest shock could kill him.

Lawyer: Yes, since the seriousness of his illness, he felt that it was best if he drew up a will, which is why I called you here. The will will not be read of course until after his unfortunate death.

Aunt Gretchen: Oh, the poor dear. Is he ill? I mean how ill? Slightly ill? Very ill? or dying? Or whatever? Did you say Jaques? Jaques Le Pin?

Aunt Alma: Honestly, Gretchen. One of these days you must come out of your world and visit ours for a while. Well, how much is he worth? When will he die?

Marie: Aunt Alma! Really, how can you be so unfeeling? Oh the thought of death makes me ill. I feel faint---so weak--- I'd better sit down.

Uncle Ben: Children---cough---don't---cough---argue---cough cough.

Aunt Alma: Shut up, you wheezing old fool. Now, how much is old skinflint worth?

Aunt Gretchen: I must go to my room.(stuttering). I really must--- no not really---but I will--- no I won't--- Yes, I will. Now where amI going?

Marie: Oh! I am going to faint!

Doctor: I doubt it. Someone throw water on her.

Marie: Ohhhhhhhh.

Romona enters the room.

Romona: (meekly) Mr. LePin, your uncle, would like to see each of you separately, one at a time- (she pauses and stares around the room.) The rest go to your room. (She exits.)

David: I don't think she knows what separate means. That Brooklyn accent and Jewish snout really adds to her beauty. Not to mention that wispy body.

Aunt Alma: I think she's slinky and out of her mind, if she has one. Honestly, to have to share a fortune with mere low-class servants, it is revolting. His trusted friends, ha, they'll probably murder him and us in our beds.

Aunt Gretchen: I must go to my room.

Aunt Alma: You already said that- now go to your room.

Aunt Gretchen: That's a good idea. I'll go to my room. (She leaves picking at her frilly dress.)

David: Is she really that simple? Or does she hide a scheming, devious mind under a facade of haziness? You should know, Aunt Alma, you do have a scheming mind, you old spinster.

Aunt Alma: Ha, she's hazy all right. She can't remember where her glasses are when she's wearing them. As for me- I intend to die rich, a wealthy business lady.

David: Yes, Aunt Alma, the maiden executive, very quiet, hard-working and thorough, very thorough.

Aunt Alma: And what's so great about you? The handsome virile playboy. A lady's man, extravagant and always impeccable; except for that violent temper. God himself, ha.

Marie: Oh, please don't quibble. My head - oh, my back, oh the pain is killing me.

David and Aunt Alma: I wish it would.

Marie runs from the room screaming.

David: She's beautiful, weak, and muretic, but she'll probably inherit everything.

Aunt Alma: If she does, she'll spend it on cures for some unknown disease that she'll suddenly be dying of. I think Gretchen will get it all, then she'll misplace it or spend it on a grave stone for Harry.

David: Who is Harry, anyway?

Aunt Alma: Her dead chimpanzee, who accidentally killed her husband, Eli.

David: Speaking of accidents, didn't Marie's husband die from some unusual circumstance.

Aunt Alma: Yes, he died in the bathtub. He slipped and drowned in his bubble bath. Marie didn't even know he was there till she let the water out. Well, I must retire - night David.

David: Night. By the way, how are you going to kill Uncle Jaques?

Aunt Alma: Same way you are.

David: (Sarcastically) Copycat.

Jasper: Master Jaques will conduct the interviews now. Would you please inform the others, Master David? Thank you.

Scene changes to the servants' quarters.

Romona: Money. M\*O\*N\*E\*Y\*. I'll become a lady, haughty like Miss Alma or sickly like Marie, 'Oh, my head - the pain,' the only pain she's got is herself. Jasper, must you always be so prim and proper, ha you probably take showers in your bathing suit. Think money.

Jasper: I'm surprised you can think. I'm gonna spend mine on some sexy broad, I mean a lady, that is if she'll mess around.

Romona: How utterly crash. You'd probably stab us all in our boudoirs. How's that for talkin' like a lady?

Jasper: 'Cuse me, madame, but what's wrong with a quick stab?



Romona: It's too messy - I'd use poison, no mess to clean up afterwards. When your a maid you think clean. It ain't proper, we got it all planned out? Oh well, night.

Jasper: Night.

Night falls and the people are in their room brooding over their interviews.

Aunt Gretchen: Senile, now who'd he say was senile? Was it me? One must feel pity for a dying man, but he shouldn't call other people names. That is not nice. I wish Harry were here. He'd fix him. Oh well, maybe if I sleep, I can dream of how Harry would dispose of What's his name? Oh, yes, Jaques is his name, I think. Night Harry, wherever you are.

Aunt Alma: Pushy fussbudget, I'll have revenge on him. A dowdy, ole know-it-all. Ha. Just wait till he dies and I make a million from the investment of my inheritance, that will shut him up. Now to speed his death along.

David: Just a handsome moucher, a poor relative living on his looks and charm. A charlatan, as if he knows everything. I'll quiet him down for good.

Marie: Ha, I'll outlive them all. Well at least you, Uncle Jaques. Yes, I'll outlive you.

Romona: Poison - not bad - in fact that's a good idea. I ain't so dumb as you think, Master Jaques.

Jasper: So he thinks I'm a young thief - what's a few pieces of silver. I wonder how a knife can slip off a tray and into the old guy's stomach?

A scream penetrates the house early the next morning.

Lawyer: As you all know, your beloved uncle and employer died last night.

Group in unison: Oh, how awful. The poor dear man. We all loved him so.

Gary Thompson



## No Reason To Stay

No reason to stay  
That's what he told me  
When we looked back  
And saw the lights dimming  
And the buildings crumbling.  
I went reluctantly, turning back  
Again and again, not understanding  
How it all came about, the ruin  
And despair of that which we were leaving;  
Again and again I turned back,  
Remembering what it used to be;  
Trying not to think what it would be.  
But he firmly held my hand  
And we walked away  
From that which we knew,  
Until, tired and discouraged  
But not quite hopeless,  
We found shade by a brook  
Where the moss was deep and soft,  
And we sat and rested  
And finally laughed... a sad laugh  
With a tear to sadden it more.  
But he understood more than I could see  
And he protected me as he told me  
There was no reason to stay.

Nancy Jacob

Cattle die  
Kindred die  
and we die...  
But one thing  
that never dies  
is judgement on each one dead.

Tom Lapointe

## French Fries And Coke

A young man  
Stuck on the elevator  
Between kid stuff  
And adults  
Lives a life  
Of total freeness.  
Living on french fries  
And coke  
And occasionally a pepperoni pizza,  
He trots through life  
Never worrying about  
Little things like love and peace  
He freely speaks  
With friends  
But seems quiet and reserved  
When eating his carrots  
At the supper table  
Because he dares  
Not lean too heavily against  
The establishment  
Because it might crush him one day when  
Flying through the hours  
Of daylight  
He picked up a gun  
And started to play  
Fun, enjoyment,  
And friendly laughs  
Help him to act  
The adult life  
While still being a child.  
A gun goes off,  
Flinging a bullet  
That pierces the air  
Not hitting the ice,  
As his did,  
But slamming into his body,  
Closing the door of life.  
He died,  
But do not mourn,  
There will always  
Be french fries  
And coke for those  
Who care to live the  
Life of a boy  
When the time has run out.

Cyndee Litskoski

## Hope

Walking along a beach of infinite rocky sands  
A brisk wind blowing in from the sea  
Brushes my face and tousles my hair  
A feeling of emptiness is felt in the air.

The roar of the waves pounds in my ears  
Crashing violently, they break at my feet  
Secretly they return into the vast emptiness  
When--

Out in the sound I see a lonely ship  
A searching hand reaching to meet mine  
But it disappears before I can grasp it  
A moment of happiness turns into tears  
And falls...

Joining the waves' never-ending journey.

As I walk away, I can smile  
For the sea has brought me a new life  
Happiness, although I cannot grasp it at this moment  
will come.

Because the world is full of lonely people like me  
For thousands of tears created the seas.

Lucy Denkiewicz

might graced with a kiss of light  
touching wine on dying lips  
on needles in dark alleys  
through smoke in small rooms  
on sweat in mines  
in hearts at war

the only wound of darkness

Dave Simanski

Me

You tell me  
Open up,  
and  
let the inner me  
show through  
but  
the inner me  
i haven't found  
nor  
can  
you  
you see---  
there is nothing  
to  
the  
outer  
me  
but  
a  
shell  
and so  
the inner me  
is  
plain  
for  
all  
to  
see.

Jeanne Coutemanche

Reflecting the sun,  
Sand becomes a mimic. But have you  
No mind of your own?

Laurie Devino







## The Fugitive

The beans sizzling in the pan cast off an aroma in the sweet morning air as the first rays of sunlight shone through the forest, the pine boughs sifting the light upon the camp-sight. A curious squirrel, its tail twitching, edged out upon a limb to see what had invaded his domain.

Below him Jerimiah silently stooped over the fire, adding a few sticks to keep it at a steady blaze. A blue jay shrieked to the left of him and he turned in that direction, his eyes carefully scanning the area. A stick snapped in the fire sending off sparks and this brought his attention back to the cooking.

When the beans were warmed throughly, Jerimiah scooped a portion onto his plate. While he ate he constantly peered about the valley. After he finished his meal he stood up and kicked in the fire smothering it. A small spiral of grey smoke reached toward the sky and slowly feathered out. He gathered his few possessions together and set off with the warm sun at his back.

As he moved through the woods with a steady stride, his carefully placed steps barely making a sound on the dry leaves of the forest floor, he continuously turned to look behind. When he saw nothing he continued on with a worried look etched on his face.

Jerimiah had always had tough breaks. When he was in school a giant of a fellow came up to him and started to shove him around. Jerimiah took this sort of treatment for just so long before he smashed his tormentor in the nose, breaking it and causing the red blood to ooze out and down the boy's face.

Jerimiah was expelled because of that and he did not return to school. People never understood why.

The same kind of trouble followed wherever he went. No one listened to him, to his side of the story. All they ever did was make it clear that they did not want any trouble-

makers around.

But this time it was different. This time there had been a fight and the foreman had intervened with a steel pipe, beating him into a corner. Jerimiah wasn't going to be beaten down by anyone. He knocked a barrel into the foreman, temporarily putting him off balance. Then, leaping upon the man and wrestling the pipe from the man's hand, he started to hit him. When he stopped, the foreman didn't move.

Now, five days later, he was still running. If people had never listened to him before, they certainly wouldn't now. He stopped at his home only long enough to pick up some food, blankets, and his rifle and went to the only place he felt he would be safe - the high country to the north.

Jerimiah knew they were looking for him. He hadn't realized how close they were to catching him. The craft came so close that he could see the man talk into the microphone; he knew there would be men at this place very soon.

He ran, but there was no place to run and hide from the persuer. No matter where he went the copter could follow him and lead the others to him. There seemed to be no way of escape without first stopping the helicopter. He had once read that the rear propellor was for steering and that if it was damaged a helicopter was useless. If he could possibly "damage" the steering gear he might end this chase.

He opened the bolt of his rifle to fill the magazine-five shells, all he could spare. Then, setting down his small pack, he rushed to a clump of trees. The pilot, seeing this, maneuvered the craft in low to make sure that Jerimiah would not sneak away. As the copter hovered over the thicket he started to shoot as fast as his hand could work the bolt and pull the trigger. Five times he shot; but nothing happened.

At the first shot the pilot had begun to move. By the fifth shot the helicopter was well out of range.



Jerimiah took what shells he had and spread them on the ground. Nine dull brass cartridges. He looked down upon them as valuable jewels not to be overawed in their value. One of these he picked up and thumbed into the breech of his gun. If the rear propeller could not be stopped the top one had to be or he was sure to be taken.

This time he ran toward the helicopter, guns raised as if to fire. He tripped and fell, his rifle falling to the ground a few feet beside him. He did not stir. Even as the pilot headed in his direction he did not move.

At last the pilot ventured nearer the fallen person and finally hovered directly over him. Jerimiah opened his eyes and judged the distance to his rifle. Every sinew of his body tightened.

Suddenly he sprang to his rifle and clicked the safety off. He knelt down holding a steady aim at the top of the copter which was rapidly gaining altitude. He led his target, took a deep breath, and let out half of it while slowly squeezing the trigger. The report of the rifle echoed in the valley, followed by the thud-clank of lead striking metal.

The propeller stopped spinning and the copter dove to the ground. Jerimiah ran to open his pack then turned to look at the disabled craft. A door opened and the pilot rolled out onto the ground.

Jerimiah started towards the fallen man but stopped short. The pilot rolled over and lifted himself to a sitting position. Surveying the wreck from this position he finally got to his feet. The pilot was all right.

Jerimiah started off in the direction in which he had been headed when the helicopter had seen him. He finally stopped at a small creek where he stooped down to its edge and drank greedily of its icy water. He stared at the sky. The sun was high, its rays lighting his dark face.

Rick DeVitre

## A Day of Question

I saw God today,  
He wasn't doing much,  
He seemed to be in grief and despair,  
Saying that his children have all grown up wrong.

I saw Moses today,  
His beard had turned from white to gray,  
He showed me his book,  
With the commandments crossed out.

I saw Christ today,  
He seemed older than I thought he to be,  
He just wanted to ask,  
What had he accomplished dying on the cross...

Bob Fowler

Quiet  
Is his way  
Silence gentle and powerful  
His light blue eyes burn steadily  
With a fierce fire, deep and hot  
Rebelling  
Against ties and time  
Against men and laws  
Always quietly powerful  
Always quietly gentle

Quiet and easy  
With his power  
Wanting to burst from his fist.

Nancy Jacob

You were looking in the wrong places  
You could have found it-  
in us.  
It would have been  
tangled in our eyelashes  
or in our hair.  
But you didn't look  
You searched over our hands  
and under our feet.  
So, you never found it,  
and you never will,  
until you stop searching for halos,  
and looking outside,  
when you should be  
opening your eyes inside  
and finding peace in everyone  
and not just some.

deni pervere

#### Wooden Names

A person alone,  
Sitting in a school desk  
Covered by names,  
Has a feeling of superiority.  
He can put his hand  
Over a name  
And make it disappear.  
He can move his hand  
And let the name  
Again enter his mind.  
He can write his name over another's  
To make himself better...  
Instantly,  
The bell rings,  
Invading his little world  
Of superiority,  
Breaking his walls  
Letting the world rush in  
To wash him away.

Cyndee Litakoski

A. V. Room 69-70

there is a room,  
i work there,  
i think there.  
it is filled with people,  
people with the urge to create.  
it is more like an oversized closet.  
i mean, there are books all over the wall,  
and weird machines packed away.  
you know,  
i'm gonna miss that place when i graduate.  
one thing still puzzles me about that room,  
who is the guy who walks around  
with a goatee and glasses??  
i'm sure he can't be the janitor.

Bob Fowler





